

March 1913

# The ECHO

MARCH  
1913









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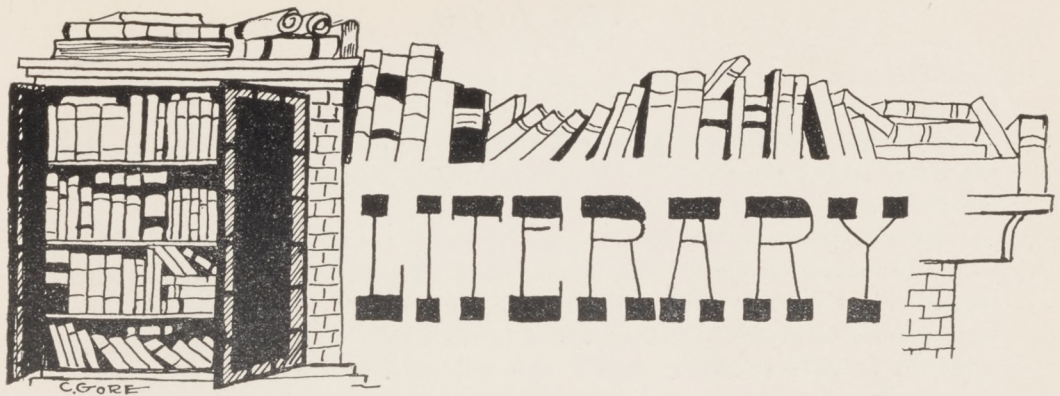


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VOL. V.

SANTA ROSA, MARCH, 1913

No. 7

## *A Twentieth Century Nimrod*



ABOUT the middle of the afternoon of a lazy day in June, Dick sat at his desk, half awake,—half asleep. His mind was far from the history examination which was to come the next period, for as he reclined at his desk, idly watching the distant hills, his overworked brain began to wander, and his thoughts slipped back to by-gone days...

Ben Steward was an old rancher and trapper owning a claim in the rough mountains of western Sonoma. Dick had been invited out to spend a few days, trout fishing and deer hunting, with his old friend, so he decided to go. The following evening found Dick eating supper with old Ben.

Dick was familiar with the surrounding country for he had often passed through it when hunting or fishing. That night he lay awake several hours planning upon the hunt he intended to take the following day. In the morning, he arose early, and ate a hearty breakfast. Ben, having sprained his ankle the day before was unable to accompany his young friend.

As Dick followed an old pack-trail, leading up a brushy canyon through the Roughs and around to the Pea Vine Ridge, he made up his mind to go over the Devil's Ribs, and Deer Heaven, and see if he could get a shot at Clubfoot.

Clubfoot was the name given to a large buck, which had its favorite haunts around Little Oat Hill and the Pea Vine Ridge, during the early part of the deer season. He was in the habit of crossing the Devil's Ribs into Deer Heaven when the acorns began to drop. Between the Devil's Ribs and Deer Heaven was a long ridge covered with acorn-bearing oaks.

Underneath this ridge lay Dad's Springs. This spring was one of Clubfoot's favorite haunts. Clubfoot, so it was supposed, was slightly deformed in one hind foot. He had been shot in this foot when a small forked-horn, but had recovered. Since then he had been seen off and on for five or six years by various hunters. He had been shot at hundreds of times, but it seemed as if he bore a charmed life. It was useless to think he had certain runaways, for every time he took a different route from the one he was ex-



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pected to take. One could tell in which section of the county his haunts were, but that was about all.

Dick followed the old pack-trail about two miles, then when he reached the lower end of the Pea Vine Ridge, he turned sharply to the left, and followed a brushy point, leading to Devil's Ribs.

Devil's Ribs was the name given to ten or twelve rough, rocky ridges, which branched on either side of one main irregular ridge. Most of these ragged ridges were covered with thick chemese brush. Between these ridges were clumps of pepper-wood trees, and in these deer were often found hiding from the hunters and their dogs. This wild-looking country could be seen for miles around. It was so hard to travel through, that few people attempted to cross it. Many a time a misstep would mean certain death.

Dick slowly made his way along the main ridge. Sometimes he would have to go down several hundred feet, then across a narrow piece of tangled brush, and up again to the other side. Every time he reached a high point, he tumbled rocks into the gulches below, and eagerly looked for a deer he might cause to jump up. He saw several cross points a long distance off, but they were beyond the range of the gun. After a while he heard a deer get up near by, but he seemed unable to get a clear view of it. He saw a large set of horns move, then a second later a large buck sprang into a gulch below, but he was not quick enough to get a shot. He crossed the Devil's Ribs, and on reaching a small saddle on the other side, sat down a few minutes to get his breath. Then he went along the acorn ridge, and arriving at Dad's Springs, sat down to eat his lunch. He felt somewhat tired, but after an hour's rest, was eager to start again. He determined to hunt Deer Heaven out before returning. To do that he laid out the following plan: to go down to the left, then around to the right, and in this manner make a complete circuit, returning to the starting point.

He had not gone far before he saw a nice buck crossing a small opening. He shot several times, but seemed unable to hit his mark. Then he ran several hundred yards across a small point, hoping to gain another view of his buck, but luck was against him. Sitting down upon a mossy stone he began to upbraid himself and meditate upon his hard luck. Then suddenly he gave a start and began to examine the trail at his feet. Naturally, a close observer, what he saw made his blood thrill. In the trail was an exceptionally large deer track, and several inches from it was a fawn's track. The queer combination of deer tracks was readily interpreted by Dick, for he had seen just such tracks several times before. The tracks were those of Clubfoot. In using his deformed foot he was forced to walk on the tip of his toe, thus causing what an ordinary observer might call a fawn's track. The tracks were quite fresh, indicating that the much-coveted buck had been there quite recently. The young hunter examined his "30-30" carefully, then with alert eyes, and light tread, started to follow the trail.

Every few yards he stopped to strain eye and ear. If a squirrel jumped in a nearby tree, or a bird flew suddenly across his trail, his heart jumped, for he expected to see his antlered prize at any moment. Several times he became bewildered as to what direction Clubfoot was going; but each time



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he was lucky enough to find the track again. They led him through one edge of Deer Heaven and from there towards Dad's Spring. Shortly before reaching Dad's Spring, he lost the trail and was unable to find it again. He concealed himself behind some bushes, hoping Clubfoot might come for a drink, but an hour passed and no deer appeared. He thought of a nearby clearing among some scrubby oaks, where deer came, quite often, to feed.

The ridge caused the spot to be shady. This was one of the reasons the deer liked to feed in it. He amused himself watching two yearlings, and as they fed thought of their beauty and innocence. About this time he thought of the long distance to go, and the rough country to pass through before reaching Ben's cabin, so he started out in a brisk walk. As he approached the saddle he had passed on his way over it was about dusk. This little gap or saddle was a great place for deer to feed about this time of the evening, so he slackened his pace and crept stealthily up to the edge and peered below. A very large deer of some kind was feeding scarcely thirty yards from him. It was too dark to see whether the deer had horns or not.

Lucky for Dick, the wind was blowing strongly toward him, so that the deer was unconscious of the presence of its most deadly enemy. The wind began to change, and at that moment the deer stopped feeding and raised its head. Dick's heart began to throb, and he seemed scarcely able to breathe for a huge set of antlers met his view. The buck seemed to grow uneasy and started to leave the saddle. Dick had regained his presence of mind, and quickly threw his gun to his shoulder, but it was too dark for him to see his sights. Drawing low, and trusting to luck, he fired. The buck gave a lurch to one side, then ran down the hillside. Dick threw another cartridge into the barrel, and started in pursuit. As the buck went through an open spot he shot three or four times. He thought he must be overshooting, so he drew still lower and fired. The buck at this shot fell, then rose again. Dick again shot twice. The buck fell forward, then lay still. Dick ran quickly to the deer, and as he drew near, he gave a shout of joy, for he had slain Clubfoot. The horns very much resembled the branches of a dead manzanita bush. Dick could not help but cry: "Oh! what a magnificent set of horns; I certainly will have them mounted. What will the fellows say when they see them? And Clubfoot, too!"

By this time it had become quite dark. He saw that something must be done, the quicker the better. One thing was certain; Clubfoot must be hung up out of the way of the prowling animals. After about twenty minutes of strenuous labor, with the aid of a bale rope, he managed to hang the buck up, between two buckeye trees. The wind was blowing from the coast, and the fog was coming in fast. For the first time Dick fully realized his position. He was about four or five miles from home and he had to cross Devil's Ribs. He was used to traveling at night, so, by the aid of the stars, he had little difficulty in finding his way the first half-mile. As he entered Devil's Ribs, he hesitated a moment, for the fog was coming in thick, hiding the stars. He thought of crawling under a tree, and spending the night there, but for several reasons he decided not to do so. It was getting cold, and he was cold, and he had promised old Ben that he would be back that night. Ben might think his young friend had shot himself or had slipped and fallen while crossing Devil's Ribs. A panther had been seen in that locality several



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times lately, and Dick being covered with blood, thought that he might be tracked if it should happen to be prowling around during the night. He threw the shell out of the barrel, and pulling his hat well down on his head, began his almost fool-hardy adventure. If it was almost impossible to cross the Ribs in broad daylight, what would it be to cross them during the night? It was so dark one could hardly see his hand before him. He moved forward cautiously, clinging to the chemese brush as he went. When he was on a high point, it was impossible to know where he was; but, when he came to a low gap he could look up against the sky and see the outline of the main ridge. He got turned around several times, but when he did, he coolly stopped to figure out his surroundings. When about half-way across, he lost his hat, and was unable to find it. He thought he never would get across, but after hours of patient work he reached the other side. He flung himself upon the ground exhausted. His clothes were torn from head to foot; his hands and face were scratched and bleeding, and his hair hung in wet strings. As the wind howled through the trees, he thought of his wild surroundings and the heroic blood of his ancient ancestors thrilled within his veins. He thought of Clubfoot and of the rack of horns and smiled almost grimly. Then his thought changed, and he began to think of the day's adventures and of what was still ahead of him. He was thrown upon his own resources—the man in him was being tried. This he knew, and was proud of it. Now he began to think of how he would make the next half-mile. If he could find his way up the timber-covered point, through a brushy swale to the foot of Pea Vine Ridge, he would be all right. If once on the old pack-trail, he would feel confident of the rest of the way. He knew it would be hard to go through the timber without getting lost, so he went slowly, studying the lay of the land.

Dick knew he must be within about two miles of Ben's cabin, so he shot his rifle three times, but received no answer. He had about concluded to lie down and wait until daylight, when he decided to try to find the old trail just once more. He went cautiously to the left. When he found the ground was becoming steep, he thought he must be entering the canyon through which the pack-trail passed. Once he thought he heard water running, but he was not certain. Suddenly he slipped off of an abrupt precipice, and tumbled through the darkness. He came to a stop with a splash, and picking himself up, he found himself in water above his knees. As he waded out, he noticed a tall pine against the sky, which looked familiar. Then he knew where he was, for the pine was just above the old pack-trail.

He summoned his remaining strength and started to climb to the trail above. When about half way up, he became aware of someone poking him in the ribs. He tried to draw away, but the poking became worse. Then he heard a familiar voice, and opening his eyes, he realized that his hunt had been but an empty dream. He scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, and strove to collect his scattered wit. He could scarcely believe his eyes, but was not kept in suspense long. 'Mid ripples of laughter, he was sent to the office—a sadder but a wiser lad.



## Patty



T'S the biggest crime of the year!" Peggy seated upon the table, emphasized her words with vicious little kicks against a nearby chair.

"Well, at any rate Peg, you can't help matters any by scarring up the furniture," quietly replied Katherine.

"I don't care a snap about your old furniture, now! What I want to know is this: what's the crew going to do tomorrow without Patty? Miss Spincer is an old cat to forbid Patty to row tomorrow, and why?—all because she went to the matinee with Dick, unchaperoned. He is her cousin, too. I know it is against the rules and she ought to be punished, but"—Peggy stopped abruptly, choked with anger. At that moment the door was thrown open and Jean landed in a heap on the bed.

"For pity sakes, girls, cheer up!" she said as she raised herself to a sitting position. "You look as forlorn as my last summer's hat, and say"—but noticing the injuring looks of all the six girls, she replied: "No girls, Miss Spincer simply won't listen to reason. I tried to show her that St. Wisula's girls can't possibly win the rowing contest tomorrow unless we have Patty. I did everything imaginable to win her over, but she was positive. Well, as I started to tell you, there's no sence in looking as doleful, and besides, I stopped in to see Patty as I came up, and," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "she told me to have all you girls come quietly to her room tonight at twelve. Oh it's going to turn out all right and Patty has something up her sleeve and she always comes out on top. Don't forget, twelve o'clock—and in the meantime, dress up in your prettiest and put on your sweetest smiles, because there are men to entertain this evening."

Jean bounced out of the room, leaving behind her six beaming faces; for not only had Patty devised some scheme, but that evening there were to be men present at dinner. The faculty had long ago decided, that except on such occasions as the present one, it would not be best for the girls of the school to have their friends to dinner in the evening. Consequently this evening was something to look forward to, and the girls with light spirits began to carry out Jean's instructions.

That night, any one happening to be in a dark corner of the hall, might have seen seven girls quietly wending their way down the hall to the east room.

About half an hour later they, as quietly, stole out again to return to their rooms.

The day dawned bright and early and the lake below the school sparkled in the bright sunshine of a glorious May morning. Already the girls were down at the boat-house, launching the boats, and getting them in readiness for the coming contest. Each year St. Wisula's girls had their big annual boating sports with the girls of neighboring schools. But this year was to be a larger affair. St. Wisula was to compete with the boys of the Monzinita Academy. The stake was to be a grand gasoline launch.

Crowds were already gathering on the banks and Miss Spincer arranged



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in her best was about to leave for the scene of action. She paused at the front door and reflected a moment, then turned and walked up the stairs and thence down the hall up to the very last room. She opened the door quietly and looked in. The shades were pulled down half way and deep steady breathing from a huddled form on the bed accured her that all was well. "It was rather severe, I guess," she said, but immediately closed the door and shortly after left the building.

A gun report and an instant later, the two boats shot out into the lake. "The Skip" was handled by St. Wisula's girls and "The Merry Lass" by the Monzinita boys. The race was about half over and the crowd held their breath as the "Merry Lass" slowly and steadily crept ahead. Two-thirds of the way over and the speed began to tell on the crew of the "Merry Lass." St. Wisula was straining every muscle and—yes, they were gaining! Again an audible silence from the crowd lining the bank. Every eye was straining now and the silence was growing tense. As stealthily and surely as a cat creeps on a bird, so the "Skip" crept up to the Monzinita. Another report and St. Wisula's boat shot over the line half an oar's length ahead of the other. A tall, dark girl stepped ashore followed by her crew. She was greeted with echoing shouts from all sides. The St. Wisula girls picked up the leader, triumphantly carried her through the crowds, and shouted at the top of their voices, "Patty! Three cheers for Patty!"

A few minuates later a very bewildered and puzzled lady might have been seen wending her way through the crowd back to the school. Entering the door, she quickly mounted the stairs, and walked down the hall to the very last room. She entered, a girl with a radiant face turned towards her from the window.

"Good morning, Miss Spincer; didn't Patty and the girls do wonderfully? I had a glorious view from this window. The report of the first gun awakened me." Jean seeing the girls coming across the campus forgot Miss Spincer for the time being. Without waiting for a reply, she darted down the stairs, then across the lawn, and was greeted with open army by Patty.

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### Our A, B, C

S is for Success, which ought to be  
for you;

R is for Resolved, an education  
true.

H is for our High, the standard to  
attain;

S is for Satisfaction, that holds su-  
preme reign.



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### *The Mission Play*



IN the shadows of the mission San Gabriel stands one of the most unique playhouses of the world. Here, the famous "Mission Play," by John Steven McGroarty was staged on the 29th of April, 1912. To understand the wonderful achievements of those priests, who gladly gave their lives for the progress of California, one need only attend this "Mission Play."

The playhouse is an oblong, adobe structure of the old mission type. Inside, all is rough, the rafters are visible and the walls are not plastered. From the central arch hangs one of the oldest bells in California. It is now used as a curtain signal, ringing between each act. No electric lights send forth their brilliant rays, only the waxen tapers gleam in the niches along the wall. A deep blue tapestry, of wonderful beauty, falls in soft folds from the stage. A peaceful silence envelopes the whole. From the garden floats the breath of orange blossom, while from the stage comes the peal of an organ.

Suddenly the tapers flicker and grow dim, the tapestry is drawn aside; we gaze on the False Bay at San Diego and the beginning of the dream of Spanish colonization. Here, Gaspar de Portola, with his brave men, wait for the party in search of Monterey. At last, after months of waiting, all despair, save a man of indimitable courage, the Father Junipero Sevra. As the saintly man kneels in prayer, darkness creeps on and the sun sinks to its rest. Then suddenly, around the purple cliff, appears the fleck of a ship. The priest's prayer is answered; the dream is begun.

While waiting for the next act, one may visit every mission in California, by stepping across the threshold to the "King's Highway" of miniature missions. There, lighted as in the days of Spanish prosperity, are tiny buildings of the twenty-one missions of our State.

When the bell tolls, we again enter the building to behold a scene of splendor and romance. Spain has reached the height of prosperity; the dream is realized. The gay life of Monterey could not be more accurately pictured. Cosmopolitan groups of gaudy dressed Indians and Spaniards contrast most strikingly with the black-clad monks.

But, if one be impressed by life in the second act, the third act brings only death and sadness. Ruin has fallen on Monterey. The padres' rule is broken and the mission has ceased to be a factor in life, and becomes a mere mass of moss-grown ruins. The simple-hearted fathers have ceased to exist, while in their place stand Americans, dominating the life of this our glorious, Golden State.

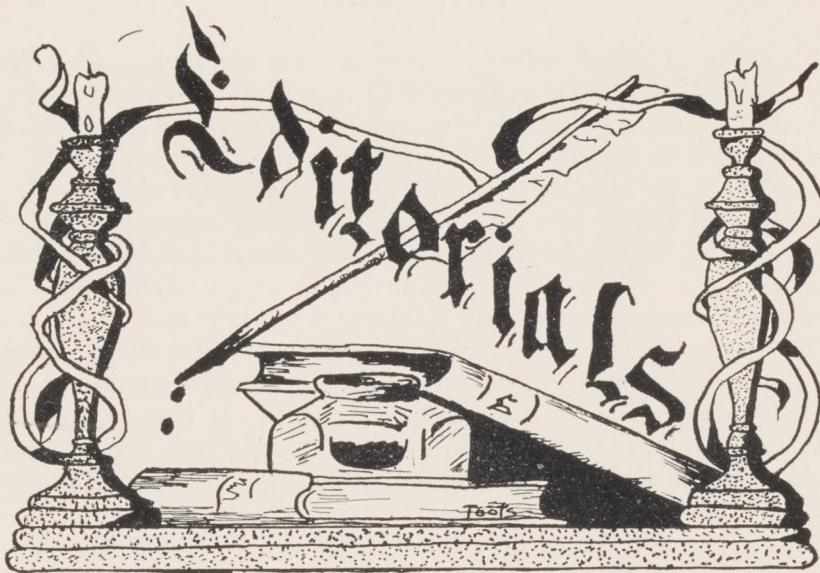


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### *The Fairy Queen of Spring*

Hail! ye gay young Fairy Queen of Spring,  
With silver voice that seems to sing—  
“Awake! Awake! you sleeping flowers  
And come to deck my dainty bowers.  
Awake! Awake! and greet the Spring,  
Joy and sunshine she doth bring.”  
Now Winter is is o’er; the skies are clear.  
The sun shines bright and Spring is here.  
The Fairy Queen comes in glorious dresses,  
With floating hair like golden meshes.  
With smiling face and cheek of rose,  
She cheers each soul as singing she goes.  
Tripping and dancing from hill to hill,  
She wakes all nature with merry thrill.  
The birds fly forth with joyous lays,  
Greeting the Queen of merry days.  
The flowers shoot up beneath the trees,  
Proudly tossing their heads in the breeze,  
They seem to say, “What need we fear?  
Winter is over, the skies are clear,  
The sun shines warm, and Spring is here.”  
When she breathes on the orchard bowers,  
Each tree sends forth a thousand flowers.  
When she smiles on the gardens far and near,  
Ev’ry plant whispers, “Spring is here.”  
So, thus the Spring Fa’ry in her hour of bloom  
Is stirring all nature from Winter’s tomm,  
And changing the orchard and forest bowers  
To a brilliant carnival of flowers.





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"Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature..... Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong." Character is the best foundation upon which to build a life. Outside the home, the school offers the greatest opportunity for building up a character. In our daily contact with our schoolmates, we should make our dealings with them fair. Stealing other people's spikes or small change is not so serious within itself; it is the result that is dangerous to society. One's conscience soon becomes hardened after a few offenses; we fail to discriminate between honesty and dishonesty, or right and wrong.

The boys and girls in our school who are noted for their honesty are the ones most respected. It is they who uphold right standards for the school. Through them are the privileges gained. It is not essential that we learn all the things prescribed in the school curriculum, **but it is essential that we establish a reputation for honesty**, for that is the attribute we are judged by in the world.

Character is not formed in a day, but through a train of circumstances. These incidents are of such a nature that we can shape our character. Borrowing our neighbor's work instead of performing the task one's self weakens one. In a race, if one were to quit the moment he felt the least bit tired, or felt a pain in his side, he would never win; the next race he would quit sooner, but if one expects to win **he must grit his teeth and keep on going**.

Every year we send out representatives of our school. From these men and women the school obtains its standing in the world. So it is important to have a firm foundation upon which to base our efforts in life.

Thus far I have only mentioned what a person should endeavor to make him or herself.

In order to establish a character that stands for something one must have the physical strength. One should enter some athletic activity to properly develop the muscles. Without strength one cannot carry on any important work.

Two of our great patriots, Washington and Lincoln, were men of great physical strength. We cannot do better than pattern our lives after these two brave, unselfish heroes. Our school offers excellent chances for physical development, for we have competent coaches to see that we do not overwork. Moral courage combined with physical strength is perfection.

Special attention is called to the fact that Professor Blosser is organizing a band. Learn to play on some instrument. Santa Rosa High School has long been in need of a band to accompany its athletic teams. Much credit is due Mrs. Mills and Professor Blosser for starting the movement. Join the band and be a **BOOSTER**.



# ATHLETICS

## TRACK

The track season was opened on a new plan this spring. Prior to placing the men on the track, Coach Steele gave them a long course of gymnasium work in the annex. This is the finest thing possible to harden the muscles and prepare one for the approaching grind. After giving the candidates a thorough workout on the floor, Coach Steele began to modify the time spent in wielding dumb-bells and to lengthen the period of actual practice in the open. As a result the new men are rounding up for the class field day in fine shape.

The first meet of the season will be the big C. In this meet our captain, L. Chapman, will represent us in the mile and half-mile. We expect to see a record hung up. It is not probable that we will send a full team to this contest, however, it has not yet been definitely decided.

Prospects seem unusually good this spring. With Chapman, Talbot and Wilkinson in the distance runs we feel perfectly safe.

Then we have Gore and Russel in the hurdles; Mills in the high jump; Argyle and Russel in the quarter-mile. These men are veterans whom we know to be topnotchers.

Besides these the following good material has shown up for practice: Steinnort and Marrow, for the weights; Anderson and Frye, for the sprints; Freshman Gnesa for the pole vault, and Freshmen Hewitt and Robinson for short distance runs. Merritt is still heaving the hammer. He says, "Every time I eat a pie, I throw the hammer twenty feet farther."

## BASEBALL

There seems to be a great deal of interest taken in baseball this season, and if kept up Santa Rosa will put out a winning team. Mr. Allen, who is coaching the boys, was pleased with the showing they made in a practice game against the Business College team. The game was an exciting one, full of spectacular catches and good batting. Southpaw Argyle pitched a great game, tightening in the pinches, and keeping the hits well scattered. Roberts, the crack catcher, was on the receiving end; Maise held down first; George Marconi played second, and at the bat proved to be the star of the game by putting the ball into deep center for a home run. Watson played like a veteran.

There will be another game, in which Coach Allen will work out some



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more men, among them being Frye and Hewitt, pitchers, both having great names when they pitched in the grammar school.

### **BOYS' BASKETBALL**

Santa Rosa has annexed two new members—Hewitt, of Burbank, and Maise, of Healdsburg. This greatly strengthens the team.

The boys have been playing great ball, and if they keep the pace up will win the league championship of the S. N. S. C. A. L., which we are entitled to play by having defeated Analy High by a score of 20 to 38. The feature of the game was the goal throwing of Trye and Hewitt, Frye scoring 10 points, and Hewitt, 14.

The next game was with the Vallejo All Stars. In this game the boys put up a great fight. The opposing team far outweighed our men, but were held to the score of 19 to 29 in Vallejo's favor.

On Friday, the 8th, our team defeated the town team in a fast game. In the first half the score was 14 to 2 in the High School's favor; in the second half the score was 15 to 25 in our favor.

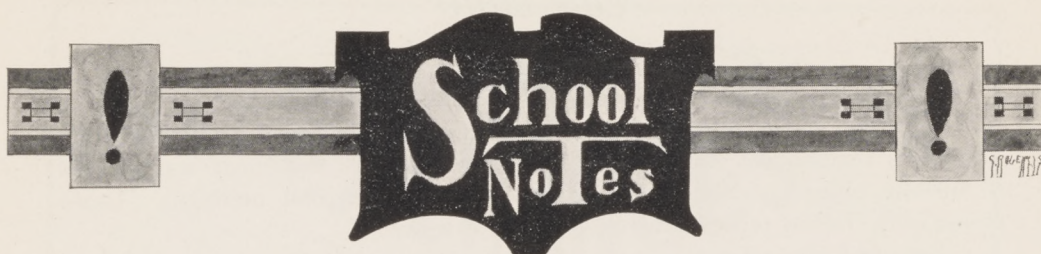
Let's hope the team will win the championship game to be played here March 14th or 21st.

There is one way to help the team, and that is, to all show up the night of the game to root and root hard.

### **Girls' Basketball**

During the last month, basketball, under the supervision of Mr. Allen, has made noticeable progress. The girls are turning out for practice work, and it is to be hoped that they will continue the splendid work which they are doing. A meeting was held in which Mary Matthews was elected captain, and Adelle Fredrick as manager. The selected team met and defeated the Petaluma girls, February 28th, by a score of 9 to 6. The teams were well matched and it proved an interesting game.





# School Notes

A new and lively interest is being put into the work for the Friday morning programs. Members of the Student Body are quick to respond to any of Mrs. Mills' arrangements for this interesting work. The programs for the month have been exceptionally entertaining. They are as follows:

February 21—

Piano selections (a) Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C minor.

(b) Lechestisky Intermezzo ..... Mildred Turner

Vocal solo, "A Bowl of Roses" ..... Ruth Hill

Mrs. Mills, accompanist

February 28—

Piano selections, MacDowell's sketches.

(a) "In Autumn"; (b) "To a Water Lily"; (c) "From Uncle Remus"

..... Clare Coltrin

Vocal solo, "Garden of My Heart" ..... Tillie Bernardi

Mrs. Mills, accompanist

Piano solo, "William Tell" ..... Alice LaDue

On March 7 a special program was rendered by the school in honor of the birth date of our genius of world-wide fame, Mr. Luther Burbank. A particularly interesting portion of the program were the selections on the victrola, a handsome and much appreciated gift made to the High School by Mr. Burbank. The program was as follows:

Song, "America" ..... By the School

Songs, (a) "Spring"; (b) "The Shower" ..... Girls' Glee Club

Barbara Dows, accompanist

Vocal solo (a) "Salt of the Sea"; (b) "Amour" (encore) ..... Mr. Allen

Mrs. Mills, accompanist

Trio, "The Sun Is Bright" ..... Helen Fraser, Ruth Hill, Blanche Bernard

Mrs. Mills, accompanist

Cornet solo (a) "Columbia"; (b) "The Rosary" (encore) ..... Mr. Blosser

Miss Neona Nesbit, accompanist

(b) "Sextette From Lucia."

## Alumni

Ray Francisco, '09, has a position in San Francisco with the Standard Oil Company.

Charles Clark, '12, is attending the University of California.

Minnie Cooper, '09, is teaching in Mark West.

Lawrence Moore, '10, drives a taxicab in Berkeley.

Rachael Lee, '10, attends the University of California.

Katherine Smyth, '10, teaches in Bennett Valley.

Will Lawrence, '08, is in Omaha, Nebraska, in the interests of a lumber company.



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### Governing Board Report

February 11—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. John Mitchell's resignation was read and accepted. Frank Spooncer was elected to fill the office. Adelle Fredeck was elected basketball manager. Louis Gnesa was elected representative of the first term.

February 14—A special session of the Governing Board was held. A letter from Stanford Band was read and discussed. As a guarantee of \$55 was required, this caused a little discussion. The chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to look into the matter and interview the California Glee Club and get their terms.

February 18—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. The following bills were granted: Helen Nagle, 35c, for engraving cup; G. Maroni, \$3.75, for two baseballs and one bat; The Echo, \$5, for extra cuts. Motion carried that Wilkinson and Mayse could not get their fare to Petaluma paid, as they disobeyed the coaches' rules. Lawrence Chapman's report of N. W. S. L. was read and accepted. The boys' basketball team was granted permission to play Petaluma, paying \$3.75 expenses.

February 25—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. The girls' basketball team was granted permission to play San Rafael, paying half the expenses.

February 26—A special session of the Governing Board was held. Mr. Martin discussed the basketball question. A motion carried, that the Governing Board reconsider Friday night's basketball game. A motion carried that the boys' basketball team be given permission to play Vallejo Friday evening. The meeting adjourned.

March 4—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. No quorum.

---

### Debating

Our debating team was defeated in a hotly contested "Bottle of Words" against Cloverdale on February 14. This was the semi-final of our league debates, and was held in the opera house at Cloverdale. A large crowd of Cloverdale supporters were present. The debate was called to order by Chairman DeWitt Montgomery.

The question contested was, "Resolved, That the Sherman Anti-Trust Law Should Be Repealed."

The debate was opened by John Cooley of Cloverdale, and was followed by Douglas Cameron of Santa Rosa. Cloverdale was then represented by Charles Grant, followed by Grace Titus of Santa Rosa. The speaking was closed by Nettie Beasley of Cloverdale, and Frances Ahl of Santa Rosa, the latter securing the highest honors.

The judges were: C. L. Ledgely, Cloverdale; Prof. H. R. Bull, Healdsburg, and W. G. White, of Santa Rosa. Albert Entzminger accompanied the team as a substitute.

The next debate, with Benicia, will be held in the annex.

Under Mr. Montgomery, the debating class is developing good material for a debating society.





**The Adjutant**, Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, December: A well-balanced paper. Your literary department could be larger.

**Tucsonian**, Tucson, Ariz., December: Rather too many ads. for the size of the paper. Your department are well filled.

**The Bulletin**, Steubenvill, Ohio, January: A real live paper. Your cuts are excellent.

**The Sotoyoman**, Healdsburg, February: As usual, you have an excellent paper. Your cuts are very good. How about those ads. on the front cover?

**The Academy**, Milwaukee, Christmas number: A well arranged, interesting journal.

**The Pennant**, Elkhart, Indiana, December: You are a well-arranged paper, and contain good material, but the ads. in the front spoil your appearance.

**The Coconut**, Manila, January, '13: You are as good as usual. Why spoil your appearance with that ad. on the front cover?

**Totem**, Seattle, Wash., December, '12: A neat appearing paper with very artistic cuts. The ads. in front, however, detract from your appearance.

**Far Darter**, St. Helena Union High, December, '12: A clever paper with especially good cuts.

**High School Panorama**, Binghamton, N. Y., January, '13: A well-balanced paper with a good literary department and artistic cover design. Ads. in front, however, do not add to your appearance.

**Wheat**, Ritzville, Wash., December, '12: An interesting paper from cover to cover. Why do you not criticize your exchanges?

**The Argus**, Tulare, Cal., December, '12: We are glad to find a paper that agrees with us concerning ads. in the front. You are a well-arranged and neat-appearing paper.

**Enterprise**, Petaluma, December: An excellent paper, interesting to any-



## THE ECHO

one. Stories, jokes and cuts are very good. We find nothing to criticise.

**The Quiver**, Marion, Ohio, January: Although your material is good, it is not well arranged. The ads. in front nearly discourage us.

**Polytechnic**, San Francisco, December: A very pretentious paper, well arranged and pleasing. Your cuts are exceptionally good.

**The Artisan**, Mechanic Arts High, Boston, January: A neat paper. We find nothing to criticise.

**The Round-Up**, Douglas, Wyoming: You have not improved over your last issues. We suggest leaving out those ads in front. Cuts are needed.

**The Almanack**, Lake Forest, Illinois: A neat and interesting paper. The Exchange department should come before Grinds which, by the way, are very clever.

**The Blue Owl**, Attleborough, Mass.: Your Editorial department is not so important as to be placed first. We believe Exchanges should receive more prominence.

**The Cascade**, Seattle, Wash.: You are a neat paper and well edited, but please leave off that extra flap if it must be covered with ads.

**The Artisan**, Boston, Mass.: One of our best monthly exchanges. We envy your Art department. Fuller criticism of your Exchanges would add to your standing.

**The Dawn**, Esparto, Cal.: We have no criticism to offer. You measure up to the best standard. Congratulations! Come again.

**Keramos**, East Liverpool, Ohio (Feb., '13): Your material, arrangement and cuts can't be better. But **why** do you spoil your otherwise excellent appearance with those ads in the front?

**The Pennant**, Elkhart, Ind. (March, '13): An interesting and clever paper, but again we must criticise ads in the front.

**The Bulletin**, Wells High School, Steubenville, Ohio (Feb., '13): One paper that reserves the back for its ads. The material is good, and the "Lemons" are a good antidote for the blues.

A neat and artistic paper with excellent material is the **Mercury**, East Division High School, Feb., '13.

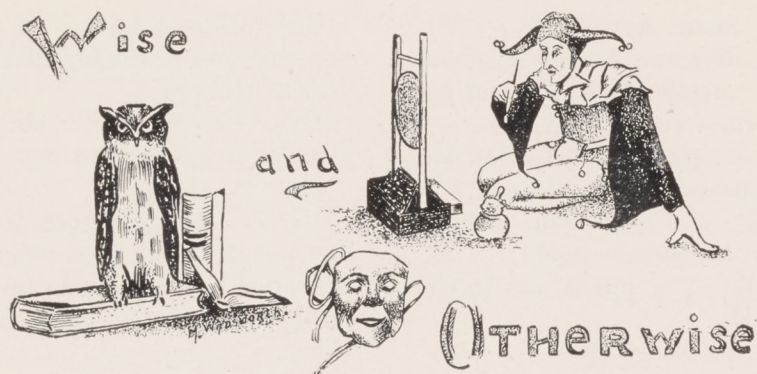
**The Columbia News**, Columbia Grammar School, New York City (Feb., '13): Your material is good and well written. We are glad to see that you have no ads in the front to detract from your appearance.

**Ariel**, Santa Ana High School (Feb., '13): What a neat cover you have! Your stories are excellent and your cuts are very artistic. All your departments are well filled and well balanced. We have nothing to criticise.

**The Owl**, Fresno High School (Feb., '13): You are a paper interesting to everybody. You contain well written, interesting and well arranged material, and your cuts are exceptionally good.

**The Toltec**, Durango, Colo. (March, '13): One feels the violent need of a handkerchief when one reads "When the Poet Has a Cold"; a very clever poem it is, indeed. We certainly agree with you that too many papers print the compliments "made to them by outside papers."





### A True Story

There is a little girl,  
 There is a little boy;  
 This boy does own a little curl,  
 The girl, a doll, is just a toy.

His name, you know, is Jess,  
 But, though little, nothing less;  
 And her latter name is Boyes,  
 And her first name mostly noise.  
 Some days they take physiology,  
 Other days they take queenology;  
 What to those children are joys,  
 To us children simply annoys.

Those eyes, those lips, those smiles  
 so coy,  
 That brow, that curl, somebody's  
 heart doth whirl.  
 Remember, just to remind you, he  
 is but a boy;

Remember, just to remind you,  
 she is but a girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Clyde S.—Auntie, you hire  
 a woman to do your washing for  
 you, don't you?

Auntie—Yes.

Clyde—Then, I don't see why  
 you can't hire a little boy to take  
 my bath for me.

A little co-ed now and then,  
 Is relished by the best of men!

\* \* \* \* \*

They were studying sound waves  
 in Physics. The teacher needed a  
 violin bow to perform a certain ex-  
 periment, so she asked:

"Have you a bow, Viola?"

"Er—it depends on what kind  
 you mean, Miss Crane!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why did she get angry at that  
 man who was spending his vacation  
 in the neighborhood?"

"She asked him if he had met her  
 daughter, and he said yes—that he  
 had seen all the sights of the neigh-  
 bor hood!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Harold P. (Freshman) — Why  
 does the eye have lashes, Pa?

Pa—Because it has a pupil, my  
 son.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jesse L.—Can you cook on an  
 emergency?

Lola—No, but I can cook on a gas  
 stove.



## THE ECHO

### Some Attraction

Clara—It seems strange that you did not remember my face, and yet you remembered my name.

Lester N. (awkwardly)—But you have an attractive sort of name.

Dorothy C.—After you refused Tom, did he propose again?

Clara K.—Yes, but it was to another girl!

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen F.—Is my hat on straight?

Elsie K.—No; one eye shows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nice Old Lady—My stars! a nice, fat, little boy like you should not be crying.

The Kid—That ain't fat, missus, it's bananas!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis proper to kiss 'neath the mistletoe,

As history shows;

But where is the miss

Who'd not rather be kissed

Right under the nose?

\* \* \* \* \*

### She Knew

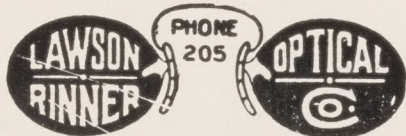
Father—Dorothy, I wish you would ask that young man why he don't go home earlier?

Dorothy B.—But papa; I know already why he doesn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

Genevieve O'C.—What is the scientific word for snoring?

Charlotte B.—Sheet music.



535 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA, CAL.  
Specialists in Fitting Glasses

Mrs. Mills—I suppose to educate you daughter in singing cost a great deal of money?

Mr. Fraser—Yes, but she's brought it all back to me.

Mrs. M.—Indeed!

Mr. F.—Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next door neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home.

\* \* \* \* \*

### In Boston

Visitor—Put me off at the next corner, please, conductor.

Conductor—Madam, I shouldn't like to do that; but I will stop the car and help you to get off.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gladys P.—Why do you suppose Helen F. has such a vacant expression?

Florence C.—Well, she thinks of herself a great deal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dorothy C.—When I first came to S. R. H. S. I knew absolutely nothing about Latin; and now my knowledge of it has nearly doubled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Clara K.—What foolish things a young man will do when he's in love

Margaret F.—Oh, Clara! I'll bet Arthur Farnlof has proposed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chop Roberts—What do you think of the Culebra cut?

Watson—I never tried it; you see I never smoke a pipe.

---

**HAHMAN DRUG CO.**  
**Prescription Druggists**  
**213 Exchange Ave.**  
**Santa Rosa - California**



## THE ECHO

Miss Wylie (in Hist. I. to Lloyd S. (Freshman)—Move up a seat. I have to watch you with one eye and hear the recitations with the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lloyd W. (German 9b)—Mein schonen buich (beak).

He must have a good opinion of himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the girls' dresses look as though they didn't have even \$5 worth of material in them.

How on earth can a \$5 dress match some of the heads of hair we see wandering around this High School?

\* \* \* \* \*

Clifford M.—Miss Wirt, why does a man think he is royal when he waters his mother's rubber plant in the porcelain jar?

Miss Wirt—Why, I don't know, I'm sure, Clifford.

C. M.—Because he reigns (rains) over China.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles C.—How is the world treating you these days?

Freyman C.—Oh, as often as I can expect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Passenger—How do you feel, sir, when the giant waves come tumbling over the ship?

Old Sailor—Wet, ma'am—very wet!

Lloyd W.—I told Farmer to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half-day off.

Donald P.—What did he say?

Lloyd—He said I needed a bar of soap.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hugh W.—Why is a cigar like a play?

Chop. R.—Because if it's bad it won't draw, and if it's good you want a box.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grace S.—Don't you sing at the prison any more?

Helen F.—No; several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentences.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mistress—Did you have company last night, Ruth?

Ruth O.—Only my aunt, mum.

Mistress—When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?

\* \* \* \* \*

A friend—What did your boy learn at school?

Mr. Hewitt—Says he can't tell me.

Friend—Why not?

Mr. Hewitt—Says it's a secret.

Friend—Nonsense!

Mr. Hewitt—No. You know, he learned the football signals.

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317 Mendocino Avenue

Santa Rosa



## THE ECHO

Clara K.—If you kiss me, I'll let this lemonade fall on the carpet.

Lester Nathenson—Does lemonade make stains?

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill W.—Why do people say "Dame Gossip?"

Art. E.—Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."

\* \* \* \* \*

Visitor in Chem.—Do all these pupils study chemistry?

Miss Crane—No; only about one-third of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stranger—I heard the authorities were looking for people who ride the sidewalks; did they find anyone?

Carl S.—Yes; they fined me five dollars!

Norman Mc.—Does your leg give you much trouble?

Jack Jewell—I should say so; every idiot I meet asks questions about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Steele—Stirling, what did the Puritans do first when they landed at Plymouth Rock?

S. Coulter—They fell on their knees.

Mr. S.—Correct. What did they do next?

S. C.—Fell on the aborigines.

---

HAVE YOU TRIED

# Jacobs'

### Jar Taffies?

IF NOT

WHY NOT?

Miss Crane—Did you filter this?

Doughnuts—No, I was afraid it wouldn't stand the strain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Donald S.—If I should ask you your age, would you give me a truthful answer?

Dorothy C.—Indeed, I would.

Donald S.—Well, how old are you?

Dorothy C.—None of your business.

\* \* \* \* \*

He stood on the bridge at midnight

Disturbing by sweetest repose,

For he was a lusty mosquito,

And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

What! Scold because I stole a kiss!

What nonsense do I hear?

I'm sure I wouldn't mind a bit

If you kissed me, my dear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Traveler—Shall I have time to get something to eat?

Conductor—Yes, sir.

Traveler—Can you give me a guarantee that the train won't start?

Conductor—Yes; I'll eat with you  
—Ex.

---

## Hattie, McKinney & Titus

### Complete House Furnishings

Everything at one price, and that price  
RIGHT

304 Fourth Street, San'a Rosa



## THE ECHO

Stirling C.—You will forgive me if I—er ask you something?

Barbara D.—Sure, I will. I knew you would be asking it soon.

S. C.—Ah, you know what I am about to ask you? Your heart has told you what.

Barbara—Sure, you're going to ask me what time the last car goes by.

\* \* \* \* \*

His is a round of hourly crime,  
He is a lazy bloke;  
For he's so fond of killing time,  
He takes life as a joke.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Case of Necessity

Norman M.—My dear boy, you should never laugh at your own jokes.

Chas. Chap.—Oh, confound it all, I've got to. I could never stand the everlasting silence that comes after them unless I did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arthur M. (Hist 12b)—When I come into this room, it reminds me of Christmas.

Mildred W.—Why, how is that?

Arthur M.—Because there is always a doll sitting before me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Myrtle G.—Lola is always borrowing trouble.

Mildred R.—Why now?

Myrtle G.—She is afraid that mustaches will be in style six years from now, and that Jesse will wear one, and cover that cute dimple in his chin.

Miss Mailer (in physiology)—The old mushes are the best breakfast foods.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Time: Ten-thirty

Lester N.—Do you really mean that you would put yourself out for my sake?

C. King.—I certainly do!

L. N.—Then, please do, as I'm awfully tired!

\* \* \* \* \*

L. Chapman—When she wasn't looking I kissed her.

Art Famolf—What did she do?

L. Chapman—Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are meters of accent  
And meters of tone;  
But the best of all meters,  
Is to meet her alone.

There are letters of accent  
And letters of tone;  
But the best of all letters  
Is to let her alone.

—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

A chink by the name of Ching Ling,  
Fell off a street car, bing! bing!  
The con turned his head,  
To the passengers said,  
"The car's lost a washer, ding!  
ding!"

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*Tell your friends about this concert  
They will want to come*

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wasn't looking I kissed her.

Raegen T.—What did she do?

Lawrence—Refused to look at me  
for the rest of the evening.

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Beryl LeB.—Father, you should  
not have kicked poor Bill last night.  
You broke his heart.

Father—I didn't come anywhere  
near his heart.

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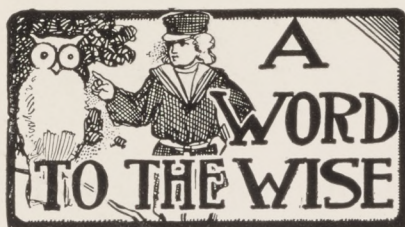
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Friday, April 4, 1913

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PHONE 50

**Eugene C. Farmer**

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

701 FOURTH ST., Cor D..SANTA ROSA

F. J. to R. M.—Come around to  
the house tonight.

R. M.—All right; about what  
time?

F. J.—About eight, I guess; and  
say, please don't dress; none of us  
are going to.

HIGH SCHOOL PINS  
HIGH SCHOOL HAT PINS  
HIGH SCHOOL SPOONS

**JOHN HOOD  
JEWELER**

Sign of the Big Clock

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Mary C.—You look annoyed.  
what's the matter?

Lola B.—Jesse told me a secret  
the other day, and I can't tell you  
what it is.

Mary—Why not?

Lola—I've forgotten it.

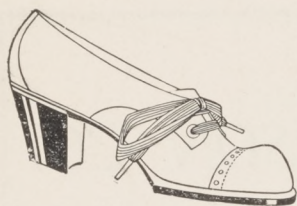
FOR FINE  
CANDIES AND ICE CREAM  
GO TO THE  
**GREEK-AMERICAN  
CANDY KITCHEN**

A. Cokales, Prop.

Phone 424R

419 Fourth Street





Snappy,  
Stylish  
Footwear

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Fourth Street

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**Santa Rosa Furniture Co.**

*Fourth and A Streets*

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BATHS

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WE HAVE A RECORD  
**SPOONCER BROS.**  
**BARBER SHOP**

Occidental Bldg.

B Street

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**Patronize Echo Advertisers**

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Captain—Supposing the barracks were to catch fire, what call would you sound?

Trumpeter (newly joined)—Sure, I'd sound the "cease fire!"

—Ex.



---

**EAT at**  
The **SANTA ROSA**  
**COFFEE CLUB**

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Pianos and Furniture Carefully Handled  
Baggage Called for

Dealers in Stove, Distillate and Fuel Oil  
W. H. Lee      C. E. Lee      F. M. Cooper

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Pastry**

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FOR ALL KINDS OF

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WITH COASTER BRAKE  
AND BIG SADDLE  
**Marlatt's Cyclery**  
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TELEPHONE 538  
Electrolysis, Shampooing, Manicuring  
Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment  
Hair Work Done  
630 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA



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A school teacher noticing one of her pupils idle, said sharply: "The devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and let me give you some work."

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First Class Repairing a Specialty  
All Work Guaranteed

*Bicycles Called for and Delivered Free of Charge*  
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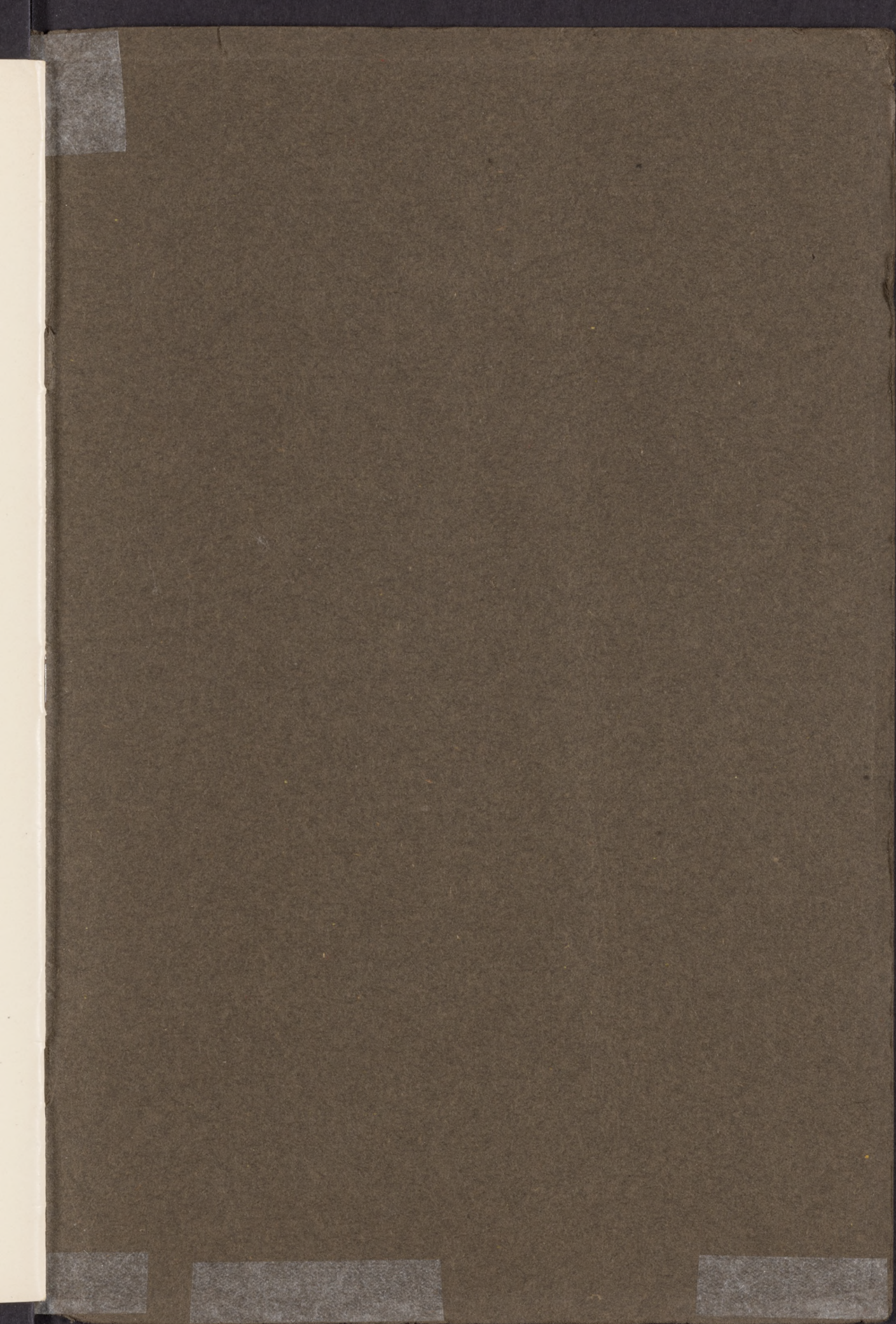
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**"We Have Your Number"**

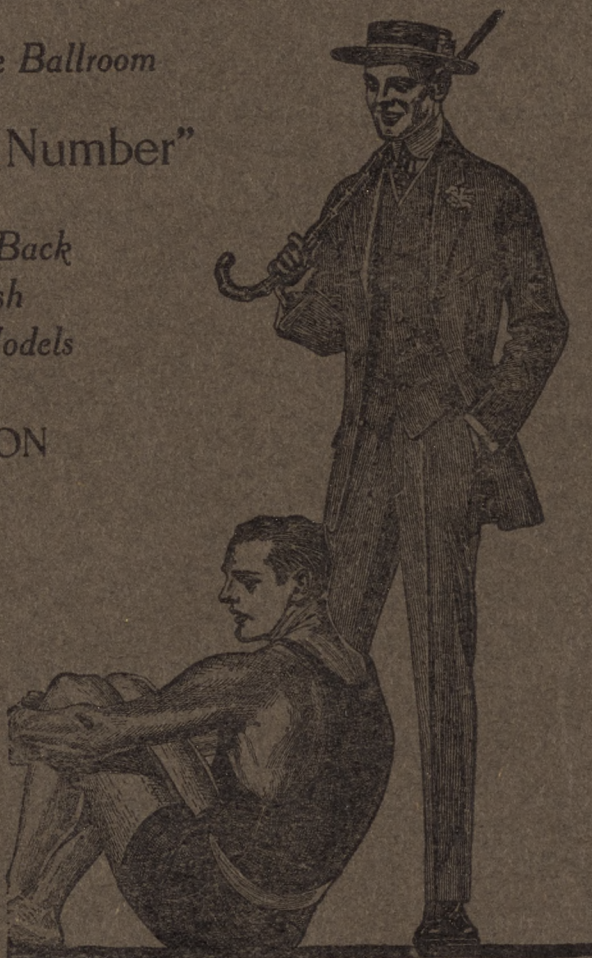
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Semi-English  
and Norfolk Models*

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**BROOKS  
CLOTHING  
CO.**

*The Young Man's Store  
of Santa Rosa*

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